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CAPE COD FOLKS

# AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER

KE4671

**Gift of The People of the United States  
Through the Victory Book Campaign  
(A. L. A. — A. R. C. — U. S. O.)  
the Armed Forces and Merchant Marine**



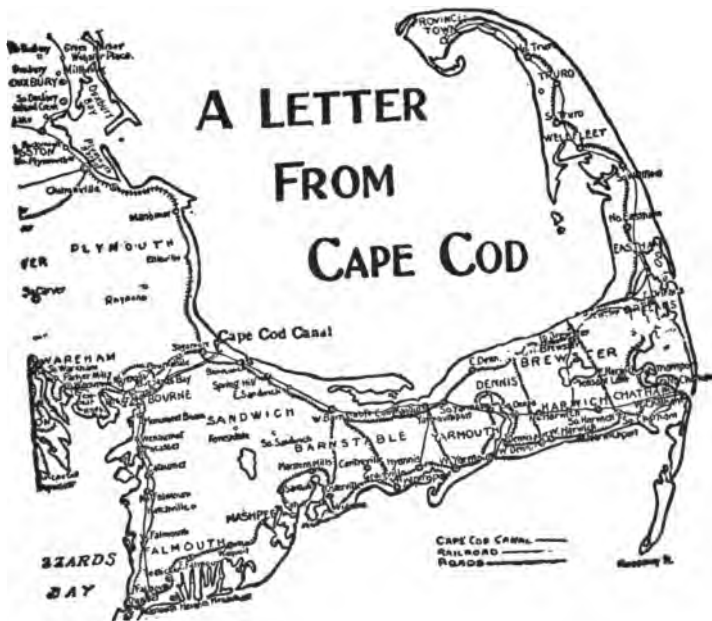


*Race Point Light, Provincetown, Mass.*

TOP OF THE CAPE. FIVE MILES FROM PROVINCETOWN.

# SOUVENIR

(Sherman, Boardford)



*Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?*

ORLEANS, MASS.

1918

55-45-11



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**ADDRESS, B. SHERMAN  
1849 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD  
CHICAGO, ILL.**

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**PRICE, 50 CENTS**

## A LETTER FROM CAPE COD.

Orleans, Mass., Sept. 25th, 1913.

Dear Friend:—

Having recently visited, on Cape Cod, the home of my youthful days, it occurred to me that a few reminiscences, historical and otherwise, might interest you for a moment. So that is why this letter is written.

Cape Cod is of historic interest, it being the scene of the earliest settlement in New England. It is only a little strip of land stretching out into the Atlantic Ocean, and called, because of its peculiar shape, the Right Arm of Massachusetts. Extending from Provincetown, the tip of the Cape, to Buzzard's Bay, where it joins the body, is a distance of about seventy miles. From whatever direction the winds that sweep across this peninsula may come, they originate in the vast domain of "King Neptune," the Atlantic Ocean, and they are pure, clear and invigorating.

The historic interest of Cape Cod dates from November 11th, 1620, when the "Mayflower" anchored in Provincetown Harbor, and from her cabin was issued the famous Compact signed



by the Pilgrim Fathers. This epoch-making document reads as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen.

"We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, etc., have undertaken for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our King and country a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves into a civil body politic, for better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof, do enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

"In witness whereof, we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th day of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, King James of England, France and Ireland, the Eighteenth, and of Scotland, the Fifty-fourth, Anno Domini 1620."

The Compact was signed by forty-one persons. For particulars, names and order of signing, see Freeman's History of Cape Cod.

In seeking a location for a permanent settlement the Pilgrims explored the coast in small boats from Provincetown Harbor to Plymouth,

where they decided to locate. Tradition says that on their first journey they landed at Bishop's Bluff, now in Eastham, where they camped over night, and, finding corn buried by the Indians, took some of it. Observing this, the watching Indians shot at them, using bows and arrows. The Pilgrims replied with shot-guns, and the Indians ran away in fear. It is claimed that this bluff is the first battle-ground in New England on which white men and Indians contended. Although no blood was shed, it was the beginning of a struggle which continued until a nation of red man had been practically annihilated. This bluff was on the land of the Nauset tribe of Indians.

On the 16th of December, 1620, the Mayflower sailed from her anchorage at Provincetown for the site selected, only a few miles distant. The Indians were on friendly terms with the settlers for many years, and even marriages were consummated between the members of Plymouth Colony and the dusky maidens of the Indian tribes. Mr. John Rolfe and Miss Pocahontas, of Virginia, were not the only couple that originated "first families." Similar alliances were contracted on Cape Cod and all along the shore in Massachusetts. The Indians remained friendly with the settlers until King Philip's War.

In 1644 the Pilgrims decided to move to Nauset, the residence of Gov. Thomas Prince being there, and Plymouth was almost deserted. The government of the colony also was established at Nauset, and in 1657 the name was changed to Eastham. Gov. Prince was a man of unusual ability, and the Indians of Nauset paid him great respect. After many years of honest and faithful service to the people, he died in 1673.

In moving their colony to another site the Pilgrims profited by experience, and so selected a safer location, though they doubtless were influenced by other considerations also. The Nauset tribe, as a whole, remained friendly to the settlers in spite of severe laws that continued to be made and enforced against them. There is no question about the discontent of the Indian tribes and their depredations against the assumed rights of the colony. Although it is claimed that the settlers paid for all the privileges they enjoyed, they made laws to govern, not only themselves, but the Indians. The latter found these laws oppressive, and this brought on King Philip's war in 1675-6.

This war was an attempt to exterminate the white settlers, which, though futile, caused them much loss of life and property. Philip had succeeded in uniting all the tribes of Indians along

the coast from Maine to New York, for he was the one to whom they looked to free them from the oppression they had suffered by laws, fines, imprisonment, slavery and executions for trivial offenses. And who can say they were not right in their stand? King Philip's war has been called a cruel war. All wars are cruel, and freedom, justice and right have always had to be fought for, entailing suffering, privation and loss of many lives. The only difference that we can see between this war and our war of 1776 was that the Indians lost. Both of them were protests against injustice and oppression. It seems that an inferior race must disappear before a superior one. The question often arises in one's mind, Can this all be by the ordering of Divine Love or the just God? If so, then all that is, or has been, is right, including wars, pestilence, bloodshed and suffering.

It has been claimed, because of their success in wars, that God was on the side of the white men, making no allowance for their superior death-dealing weapons, or the number of men in the battle on either side. Can one in reason agree with the old prophet, who says that God is "of purer eyes to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity," and that "Neither doth God respect any person"? Are mortals left to take care

of themselves according to circumstances over which they have but slight control, and must they suffer for the errors or mistakes they make through ignorance? We leave these questions for the theologian to settle.

From the close of King Philip's war for a hundred years, comparative peace prevailed. Ships were built and sailed on every ocean, creating a vast commerce with all nations. There were also launched hundreds of fishing vessels, of from fifty to one hundred tons burden, that yearly anchored on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland for cod fishing, riding out the storms and gales there, and Cape Cod was almost deserted by the men during the summer months. This was a school of experience, providential or otherwise, that made able seamen and good sailors, ready for coming events.

In the latter part of the Seventeenth Century the manufacture of salt was begun in every town on the Cape. It had the reputation of being the best salt ever used for flesh or fish, and sold for one dollar per bushel. When the tariff was removed from foreign salt, however, the price dropped to twenty-five cents. This was a great loss to the salt industry, but the manufacture continued until 1865 or thereabout, when the



SALT WORKS. BISHOPS BLUFF, BILLINGSGATE POINT IN EASTHAM, MASS.



works were removed. The process of salt-making is as follows:

They first take a string of pans six to eight inches deep, twelve to fourteen feet wide, and from 250 to 300 feet long, and divided into five compartments, each a little above the next, in order to drain the water from one to another in succession at the right stage in the process. The pans are also covered with doors, so-called, to open and close according to the weather. In order to avoid the appearance of rust in the salt when finished, no nails are used in the construction of the pans. The salt is deposited through evaporation. Salt water is pumped directly from the ocean by a windmill into the water vat. When settled it is drawn to the next, or pickle vat. From this it flows to the next, or lime vat, where lime forms on the bottom of the pan, and then it is drawn into the salt vat, where salt forms in cubes, both small and large, according to the time given. The process through the works is one of purification. When this is finished the salt is raked up and ready for the market. The residue, from which epsom salts and magnesia are manufactured, is drawn into the "bitter room." The whole process is simple and requires but little attention. The wind-mill and the sun do about all the work.



In the earlier days the shores were dotted all along with wind-mills for pumping the ocean water, and these were a very attractive and interesting addition to the landscape. Now they have all disappeared, as is inevitable in the realm of matter and change.

Prominent men of the Cape towns took no small part in the government of the colony of Massachusetts after the year 1690, when Plymouth colony was united with it. For the next eighty years emigration from Europe largely increased, states were formed, prosperity in many ways prevailed, and the people were comparatively happy. During this period, however, Great Britain imposed oppressive laws, taxes, and other demands, various in their nature, upon the colonies. This went on until "patience ceased to be a virtue." In the latter part of the Seventeenth Century a limit was reached, after many petitions and supplications to the home government for relief had failed. Then came the stirring events of 1775-6, culminating in the issuance of the immortal Declaration of Independence.

The Continental Congress was formed in New York in 1765, and a compact for united protection was drawn up, in which thirteen states joined. Evidently there was a premonition of coming trouble, owing to the growing discon-

tent in the minds of the people under the oppressive measures put in operation in the name of King George the Third. The following ten years were "times that tried men's souls." Many overt acts of resistance were committed against the laws for revenue and the establishment of a high tariff which would increase the cost of living. The courts of the different states all had to obey the mandates of King George, and their decisions were against the people. The latter organized as "Sons of Liberty" and took the law into their own hands. They called forth the judges and other officers of the courts, and, nailing up the windows and closing the doors, left this notice, "This court is no longer in session or authority." These courts have remained closed ever since.

In addition to taxes, there was in force a law that all offenders against certain laws should be sent to England for trial. This exasperated the people on the Eastern Coast, and none more so than the fishermen of Cape Cod, who participated in active opposition to the burdens forced upon them by the Mother Country.

The Declaration of Independence may properly be called the second declaration for liberty and freedom since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, for we have already mentioned that the

first was issued by King Philip. Indian wars have continued down to our own day, and they have resulted in the destruction of tribe after tribe of those who fought for the same underlying principles that our forefathers fought for, viz., freedom and liberty. The objects of these wars were similar as being against oppression and injustice; but the results were different. The Indian lost and the Anglo-Saxon won; but can we not justly recognize that King Philip's was the first declaration for freedom and liberty in North America, without detracting from the honor of the fathers of 1776? Would it not also be fitting to erect a monument to King Philip as an apostle of freedom?

There is an interesting parallel in the fact that there was a division of sentiment among Indian tribes in relation to the various wars. Some tribes and some individuals took part with the settlers and were also of great assistance in our struggle for liberty. Americans were divided in sentiment as between Whigs and Tories. The Tories emigrated to Canadian reservations, thereby assisting the American rebels by their absence. For particulars and incidents immediately preceding the Declaration of Independence, see Freeman's "History of Cape Cod" and Bacon's "Historical New England."

In the War of 1812 there were many privateers commissioned to prey upon the commerce of England, and some that were not commissioned by the government, but altogether they were a great annoyance to the English, and many hundred prizes were taken. After the war some of these non-commissioned vessels hoisted the black flag of piracy and preyed upon the commerce of all nations, making it dangerous, for many years, for ships to pass the eastern coast of Florida, its island reefs, and the West Indies, without being armed to some extent. The little inlets and islands were noted retreats for pirate vessels constantly watching for shipwrecks and plunder. Merchant ships had painted ports, giving them an appearance of war ships. That style of ornamentation passed out of use years ago, and now that kind of ships have also passed away like dew before the sun. It was a mystery to many what had become of them. The solution is that the Norwegians and Swedes own and use many of them. Some have been cut down and are used as barges. We often see two or three in tow by a powerful steamer or tug passing around Cape Cod, and this reminds one how methods have been revolutionized. It means economy in transportation, and sailors are no longer needed. A few scientific men, versed in

intricate machinery and the use of steam, are all that are required. It is the sunrise of progression in the economy of human endeavor in the use of steam and electricity for light and power on sea and land. Without a doubt it means the material uplifting of mankind as well as their spiritual progress. When wars shall be known no more, "they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

The War of 1812 brought over from Old England to her departed sons a fleet of war ships to try the skill of the Yankee's new navy. In several contests the Yankees took first-class prizes. They knew what the contest was about. They flew at masthead a flag bearing the device, "Free trade and sailors' rights." We have often wondered if the men who were pressed into the English navy from American ships on the high seas did not fire over the opposing vessel instead of at it. Our prizes were much more numerous than those taken by the English, and not because of superior ability of the Americans, for English sailors were rated to be as good as any that sailed the sea. It is true, however, that the Americans could handle a ship under any circumstances. Sailors from Cape Cod fishermen and merchantmen manned the Constitution and other ships of the American navy. They knew every knot and



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Great suffering was experienced by the people of Cape Cod during the War of 1812. They were deprived of their greatest source of income; for their fishing fleets were idle in the various harbors on the coast; their seamen in the merchant service were laid up at home, and it was with great difficulty they could get supplies for daily needs. They had to resort to smuggling goods from Boston in small boats, running the blockades maintained by the English fleet stationed at Provincetown Harbor. The latter used small craft or fishing vessels which they had captured to watch the shores of Cape Cod Bay, and it was dangerous business to run the blockade. It was generally done between two days, and many successful trips were made. When I was a small boy, my mother related the story of the capture of two blockade runners—Captain Hoppy Mayo and Captain Winslow L. Knowles of Eastham—and, as she was a relative of Captain Knowles, it was told with an earnestness that inspired one with a desire to get a gun and fight the English. This impulse I have now lost, and so the English navy is safe.

These two men were taken to an English war ship lying in Provincetown Harbor. In a few

days a price was offered for their ransom, and Captain Knowles was paroled to get it. In the meantime Captain Mayo was taken as a pilot to guide a cruiser over the shoals and dangerous places. Being a good pilot, he knew where it was safe to go, and in a sudden storm he ran the vessel ashore on the sandbars of Eastham, high and dry at low tide, a mile from shore, and made prisoners of a crew of about thirty officers and men. This enraged the commander of the English fleet in Provincetown, and he demanded that the town officers return Captain Mayo to his ship as a prisoner. Hoppy refused to go, and in the meantime he took the arms and ammunition from the wrecked vessel to his house and with them a small cannon.

The next order was a tax on the different towns for a certain amount of money to pay for Captain Hoppy's outrage, the enemy threatening as an alternative to land a force and burn the salt works and residences. But Captain Hoppy fortified his house and cut portholes through the sides. Having thus made ready for guests, he sent the commander a polite invitation to come and take him if he wanted to. Eastham paid the tax, about a thousand dollars. Orleans, the adjoining town, refused to pay, the citizens declaring that they would fight first. In a few

days word came to be on the lookout for a boat-load of soldiers that had started from the English ship, and a company of men and boys assembled at the shore, armed and equipped for battle. It was then low tide. The men resorted to a fish house or barn, and spent the time playing "Old Sledge" or "High, Low, Jack and the Game."

My father was then a lad of fourteen. One of the boys, armed with a gun or cutlass, was stationed to watch for the English boat, and sure enough at the flood tide it appeared rounding Billingsgate Point. Intense excitement prevailed. The boat came to Rock Harbor Creek, where a few shots were exchanged. The dead and wounded in this fight were never counted, although it was thought that one or two soldiers were hit by bullets from the men on the beach. The boat then turned and went back to the ship in Provincetown. Thus ended the famous battle of Rock Harbor Creek, for the enemy never appeared again, and the salt works were preserved until about 1855-6, when they were removed for natural reasons.

The war soon closed and what remained of King George's ships sailed back to England. Since then regattas between the two nations for prizes have been of a more peaceful nature. Sir Thomas

Lipton, the noted tea merchant, has made several attempts to capture the prize from the American yachtsmen, but has failed. He is coming again to try his luck next year. I hope he will win the prize this time. The pleasure and interest he has created for the people is sufficient compensation to us. His tea is received and used all over this country without prejudice, malice or complaint, although it has not been soaked in the waters of Boston Harbor. He deserves a victory and the prize this time, and my sympathy is with him. Hurrah for Lipton and his tea!

Directly after peace was declared the fishing vessels, merchant ships, whalers and other craft were put into commission, and could sail the seas with none to molest or make them afraid. "Free trade and sailor's rights" had been won. Vessels could not be built fast enough to supply the demand.

In the fifties, ship building reached a limit. Ship yards were abandoned, and have remained so ever since. The "Iron Age" for ships dawned upon us, and we can say good bye to old times and old sailors. The world at large is in a period of progression, both spiritually and materially, and truth, right and justice will finally prevail.

For the last eighty years the writer has been somewhat familiar with life and progress on

Cape Cod. Many wonderful changes are now in evidence there. A resident of seventy years ago can hardly recognize old and familiar places. The old folks have passed into the Great Unknown. The salt works are gone; sailors and fishing fleets are no more. A new generation and strange faces meet the view of the visitor, and a sense of loneliness steals over one.

In the olden time, when the fishing fleet returned in the fall from the Grand Banks, Straits of Belle Isle, Gulf of St. Lawrence and the northern coasts, there was great rejoicing and a general welcome to all. Should one of the fleet be missing, which was the case sometimes, the watching with doubt and fear was distressing and cast a shadow of gloom over the community. A man's life then was of interest to all. Captain William Sherman, of Orleans, told the writer that he had been making trips to the Grand Banks for thirty years without a break, and never lost a man or met with any serious accident, making his home there, anchored between two seas, for several months each year. He was one of the first, if not the first, to approach the Rocks on the Banks to fish. They are without doubt the summit of a mountain in the ocean depths. The sea has been known to break there in heavy weather, and is given a wide berth by

vessels crossing the Atlantic. There he found the surface of the Atlantic covered with codfish drunk to insensibility, feeding on a small fish called caplin. The codfish were hooked up without further trouble until the decks were covered.

As a health resort there is nothing equal to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. In this connection, I am reminded of the following story: A young man from Vermont, not in good health, was advised by his doctor to go on a fishing trip. Men being scarce, he soon found a "Grand Banker" ready to sail at high tide. He asked for a chance to work his passage. "Oh, yes," the captain said, "and all the addition needed to your wardrobe will be an oil suit and a 'sou' wester'." "And what is a 'sou' wester'?" the young man inquired. The fisherman replied: "It is a kind of a hat we wear to keep the rain and salt water from running down our necks." The young man took his dress suit with him, intending to go to church Sundays on the Grand Banks. The nearest land to the Banks is Cape Race, five hundred miles away. The young man saw no land until four months later, when he returned to the spot from which he had sailed. But he returned a healthy man and why not? Both the water and the air are pure, and most of the time there is plenty of them. No dust or microbes are flying there.

Cape Cod is noted for the many shipwrecks which have occurred on its eastern coast. The ship "Sparrow Hawk," which sailed from England for Virginia in 1627, was wrecked in the inlet of what is now known as Chatham Harbor. This is one of the only two inlets on the eastern coast of the Cape, the other being at Nauset, between Eastham and Orleans. The ship lay there in the meadows for two hundred and thirty-six years, the shifting sands covering her from sight until 1863, when her remains came to view on the outside coast, and she again faced the troubled waters of the Atlantic. The meadows where she lay extend from Chatham to Orleans, a distance of about ten miles, with a channel or creek passing through them to Pleasant Bay in Orleans. This bay is a large body of water "where the tides ebb and flow twice in twenty-four hours" as regularly as in the ocean. The highland of the bay are dotted with fine buildings for summer residences. The meadows from Chatham to Orleans were called "The Old Ship Meadows" until the significance of the title was lost to memory by the passing generations.

Soon after the remains of the "Sparrow Hawk" were discovered, she was exhumed and her frame was set up and exhibited on Boston Common under a canvas tent, an admission fee of ten



cents being charged. A portion of her frame is now in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, for she has always been considered a Pilgrim ship. Upon being rescued from the wreck, her cargo, passengers and crew were taken to Plymouth and the survivors were provided for during the winter that was near at hand. In the spring land was assigned to them for raising corn. Corn and rye bread were generally used in those days. Wheat-flour bread was considered a luxury, and was used but once a year—on Thanksgiving day—and it was a luxury compared to some samples of factory bread that we get nowadays, a loaf of which, fresh at night, would be sufficiently light to blow away in the morning.

The English Frigate "Somerset" was a noted wreck on Cape Cod. This vessel was active at the Battle of Bunker Hill, covering the landing of the British troops and raining shot and shell upon the Americans. After the evacuation of Boston on June 14th, 1777, the "Somerset" was chased by a French war ship, and was wrecked on the shoals of Picked Hill bars east of Provincetown, or Truro, on the ocean side of the Cape. Four hundred and eighty men were made prisoners from the wreck and were taken to Boston. The changing sands buried the "Somerset" from the sight of man for more than a hundred years,

until a heavy gale removed the sand and resurrected her remains, and from them many articles were made for keepsakes. Her ribs and planking had become almost petrified—black and hard. The peculiarity of her construction was her planking, hewn from the trunks of trees to a uniform thickness. To the uneven edge of each plank another plank was fitted, making the calking seam not straight, but like the track of a dizzy man—irregular and with curves—with slight trimming on the edge to save the strength or durability of the plank.

In the winter of 1832-3 the brig "Java," with a cargo of coffee, was wrecked on Nauset Beach. The cargo was thrown overboard in order to free the vessel from the position she was in. The coffee was free to anyone that would take it away. My father got a boatload, and in it there were nutmegs, loose in the coffee. I ate some of these, and came near losing my life as a result. The doctor was called and succeeded in saving me. There was not a drug store in town, and the only medicine to be obtained was what the doctor carried on horseback in saddle bags. It consisted of simple remedies from roots and herbs, powdered jalap, lobelia, cayenne pepper and epsom salts. Appendicitis had not been discovered in those days, and the only surgical implements in

use were a pocket knife, to cut around a tooth, a pair of pincers to pull it out, and a lancet to bleed the patient. They don't do that now. These methods have been discontinued for some years, and this shows progression in surgical and medical science, clearly demonstrating the fact that it is not necessary to take a patient's life in order to save it.

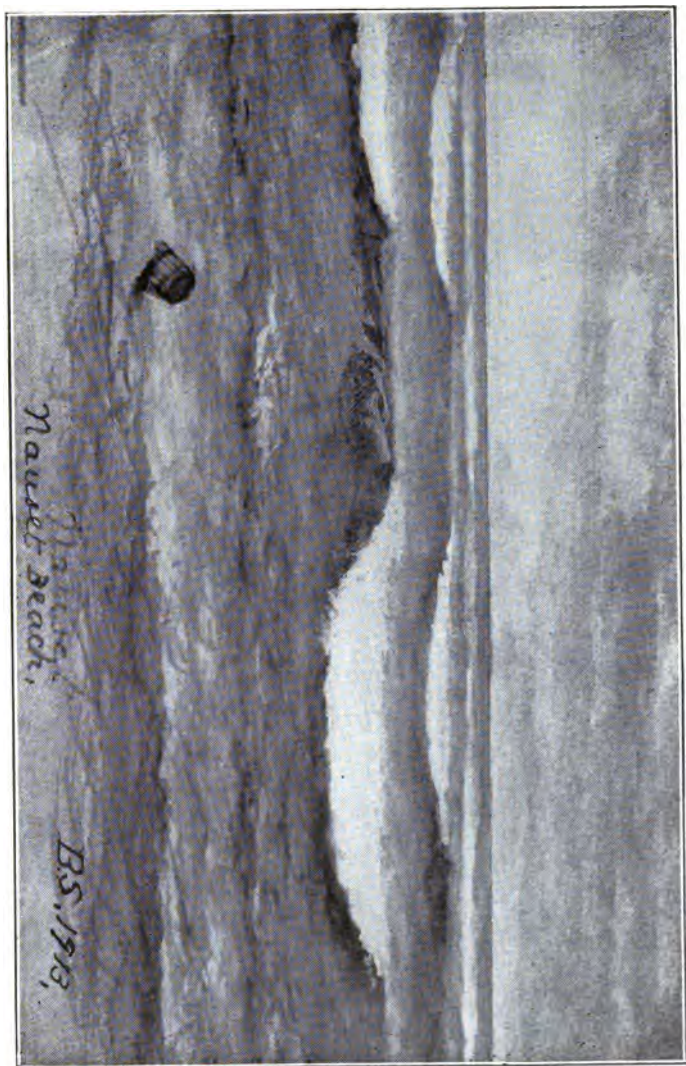
To one sailing along the eastern coast of Cape Cod, it does not present an inviting appearance. There are no signs of life or vegetation. Sand dunes alone meet the view. With the exception of an occasional life-saving station, the Marconi wireless telegraph towers at Wellfleet, and the Pilgrim Monument at Provincetown, it is a dreary, barren landscape. About forty miles east of the Cape is Georgia's Banks, noted for cod and halibut fishing, and Nantucket Island is about twenty-five miles south. Because of the noted changes that have taken place, since the landing of the early settlers, in the conformation of the coast line of the Cape, it is a supposition in the minds of many people that both Georgia's Banks and Nantucket were formerly connected with the Cape by high land, rising above the waters; yet the "right arm of Massachusetts" is still held in a defiant position against the raging and encroaching waves of the Atlantic that have

no obstruction for three thousand miles. Between Provincetown and Truro there is an unusual depression in the land, and at this point there is half a mile between the Atlantic and Provincetown Harbor. Evidently it is only a question of time when this weak spot will yield to the force and power of wind and wave, the harbor will be destroyed, and Provincetown will become an island, sinking finally with its Pilgrim Monument below the surface of the sea. At any rate, such is the opinion of scientific men, who say this result is inevitable. The government has spent large sums of money to protect the city and harbor of Provincetown, because of the weakness of this narrow neck of land. At present there is no immediate necessity of getting an ark of safety to pick up the swimmers. Human hands are futile and trifling against the encroachments of nature, and we can wait with patience a few thousand years for such a calamity.

Previous to the introduction of anthracite coal on the Cape for domestic use, the people depended upon the forest of pitch pine and oak trees and upon peat bogs for fuel. The forests were, in time, entirely cleared away and fairly good farms for corn and rye took their place, until the land was exhausted and became so depreciated that it was not worth even the taxes. Fences were

moved and the farms became what were known as "general fields," without private owners. In these fields some seeds from trees like those of the original forest were naturally or artificially sown, and from a few trees thus started, a "second growth" of timber has spread with wonderful rapidity in places naturally adapted for the growth of trees, effecting, within the last few decades, a great change in the landscape. The peat bogs are filled in with sand, and cranberry gardens now take their place, presenting a sight beautiful to behold. Old swamps have been cleared for the same purpose. Last year ten thousand barrels of cranberries were shipped from Brewster alone, and this industry is taking on larger proportions yearly.

These rapid changes taking place cause us to look on in wonder. Cape Cod is again being dressed in her virgin suit of evergreen, and the old general fields are springing into newness of life, with forests of pine and oak. It seems but a day when they presented only a picture of depressing barrenness. Roads have been greatly improved. There is a road from Provincetown to Boston, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, composed of a mixture of petroleum and sand, which is hard and smooth. This is a State road, so-called. The State builds a mile





in each town, the town building the balance, and the whole is kept in repair by the State. It is really an "Appian Way" on Cape Cod. The cross-roads are being finished in the same manner by the towns. With an automobile it takes but a few hours to make the distance from Provincetown to Boston.

The landscape of the region is now very attractive to the visitor. Many fresh-water ponds are supplied by springs, pure and clear, with no sewage from any direction to contaminate them. The ponds are a great resort for ducks and other fowl that require fresh water. Thousands of them resort there at night and fly out in the morning. These ponds are a hunters' paradise in the spring and fall months. They are also well stocked with fish of various kinds. Herring come regularly each year to the ponds that have a drain or outlet connecting them with the ocean, and large quantities are taken. There are two inlets on the east coast of the Cape that connect with the ocean. At Nauset Harbor, the boundary line between Eastham and Orleans, the inlet, with a channel through the meadows, connects with the salt pond in Eastham. On the other hand, it forms the noted Town Cove in Orleans, where the tide rises and falls in unison with the ocean. The inlet at Chatham is governed by the



same conditions as at Nauset—a channel through the marshes uniting with Pleasant Bay in Orleans, which is a beautiful sheet of water for bathing and boating. All of these bays, coves, creeks and channels are stocked with shell fish, and are often swarming with schools of bass, blue fish and mackerel from the ocean.

In the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, forests surrounded this territory and wild game were plenty. Having all these generous gifts of nature, is it any wonder that the Indian believed in an ideal hunting ground hereafter?

There is one view for the visitor on the east coast of the Cape that never can be forgotten. Like bridges, the ocean waves are adorned with white caps, as they break along the shore continually and forever, filling the mind of the beholder with wonder and reverence.

Cape Cod houses are usually in a good state of preservation. Those built a hundred years ago or more are still sound, showing age to some extent, but habitable. This is attributed to the non-destructible character of the Cape Cod atmosphere. The architecture of the old houses may be out of date, but they will serve for another generation or two, and are an interesting feature of the landscape. The new cottages being built are also attractive. They are situated among the



ARCHITECTURE 176,  
WILL SERVE FOR ANOTHER GENERATION OR TWO.



trees, and are generally painted white with green blinds. Among them is many a "sailor's snug harbor," safe from the ocean storms. Here you will find "old sea dogs," as the captains who have sailed the seas for many years are often called—men who have walked the quarter deck of many a fine ship, monarchs of all they surveyed, giving orders that sailors must obey. Here you will find also the good wife, who has in the captain's mind, always been second in command, who has suffered in her mind with doubt, fear and anxiety, as much as he, in all the tornadoes, storms and gales, wondering where he was likely to be. Now a change has come over the situation; she may be a suffragette. If so, you will find her walking the kitchen floor, mistress of all she surveys, giving orders that the captain obeys.

Formerly there were grain mills, one or two in each town, for the purpose of grinding corn and rye. These are now no more, except for a few that were left by public-spirited owners for the pleasure and interest of visitors and coming generations. These mills are copies of the mills of Holland, the Pilgrim Fathers having become familiar with them during their sojourn in that country. They are large, compact and monumental in design, and add much to the interest of the view, especially when in operation, for

they are located upon the higher elevations of land. Cape Cod seems to be somewhat unique in uniting the old with the new, both in architecture and society. Interest is centered for visitors and dwellers on the Cape in both land and sea, and as we continue with this letter it is almost impossible to keep from slipping, in imagination, from the land into the ocean.

In going through the historic town of Eastham, we passed the spot of the stockade and the old residence of Gov. Prince, of Plymouth Colony. Near by was the residence of Rev. Philander Shaw, spoken of in Freeman's "History of Cape Cod." When a lad I heard him preach, but not a word remains in memory, though I do recall something of his personality. A little farther on was the ancient cemetery, where lie the remains of the Rev. Samuel Treat. The slate tablet on which his epitaph is engraved has been removed to Orleans and imbedded in the walls of the town library there, and in its place has been substituted a simple marble slab. The tablet reads as follows:

"Here lies interred ye body of ye late Samuel Treat, ye pious and faithful pastor of this church, who after a very zealous discharge of his ministry for ye space of 45 years of laborious travel for ye souls of ye Indian natives fell asleep in Christ.





**“March ye 18, 1716, in ye 69th year of his age.”**

No doubt the Indians were given good advice and instruction as to how to save their souls, but there is no account of their being instructed as to how to save their material inheritance. Child-like, they parted with their land for a few beads and other trinkets of no value, until they became so poor that they had no place to lay their heads, except on a government reservation. Whether this is a providential plan or not, I leave for the reader to decide.

The Indian is simple in his nature and fond of ornaments and pretty things. A friend of mine was in St. Paul, Minnesota, many years ago introducing a new style of doorplate and other advertising signs. When he had fully canvassed the city it occurred to him to sell his samples to the Indians, who were camping near by. The next day the people of St. Paul were astonished and amused by the sight of the Indians wearing “Thompson,” “Smith,” and “Jones” doorplates suspended from their necks.

There are but few descendants of the various original Indian tribes of the Cape still living. There are some at Gay Head, on Martha’s Vineyard, and a few at Marspee, Massachusetts. Tradition gives us the following little story: An old



Indian Chief had three daughters—Elizabeth, Martha and Nan. To Elizabeth he gave what are now called Elizabeth Islands; to Martha he gave Martha's Vineyard. The last island in the group he said "Nan took it," and this is now called Nantucket. To indulge a little in romance and imagination: These islands may have been given as marriage portions. Who knows? Nan may have been the original suffragette of ye ancient days, and took all that was left. No doubt they were all lovely Indian maidens. For further information see Longfellow.

It is but a few years since Cape Cod became noted as a desirable resort for health and pleasure during the summer months, yet it has already become popular. Old houses have been repaired, and many new cottages have been built on the shores, coves and highlands, commanding good views of the bays and ocean. Some have been erected by old residents, others by strangers, and some are built for permanent residences, thus increasing land values to a considerable extent. Although the Single Tax is not popular here, the taxes in the town of Orleans have been reduced from fifteen dollars per thousand to three dollars per thousand. This statement was obtained from the town clerk, who seemed inclined to rub his hands with satisfaction over the result.

Several of the natives said this reduction in taxes had happened because of generous impulses on the part of the new and wealthy residents to help the town, and no doubt this is a fact. One fine residence that we saw in the town of Brewster merits special attention, and a visit to the town by anyone spending a little time on the Cape. Mr. Albert Crosby has built a fine house that encircles the homestead of his father and mother. The rooms and furniture of the old house are in perfect order and the outfit is complete, from the kitchen to the parlor. The paper on the walls is put on in squares instead of the strips now in vogue. It is furnished with solid mahogany bedsteads and chairs, and the beds are covered with home-made handiwork of Mr. Crosby's mother. In the work-rooms the spinning wheel and loom are seen; and the old fireplaces with grates for burning peat or wood are preserved in their original condition. In the kitchen fireplace is a crane to move out or close in over the fire, with kettles for cooking hanging suspended, while shovel and tongs repose in the corner. In the old days stoves were unknown, but at one side there was a brick oven (exemplified in the house) to be used for baking pork and beans, brown bread and other good things. This is where Boston got her great reputation for pork and beans—from Cape Cod.

We next examine the closets, and here we find pewter spoons, plates, mugs, bowls and platters, also dishes imported from China that would evoke delight and admiration from a housekeeper. The care and attention given to protect these heirlooms of the family and keep them in such a perfect state of preservation brought to mind the Bible command: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

In addition to the old home, with its many valuable relics, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby have placed an excellent collection of paintings, marbles and bronzes, by both foreign and native artists, in a fine building erected for that purpose. This building with its contents is enclosed with the old home, all under one roof, and furnishes an example of filial devotion which is not frequently equaled. The Art Hall is filled with statues and bronzes and the walls are covered with pictures, several hundred in number, selected from the art centers of this and other countries by Mr. and Mrs. Crosby in their travels. They have made this collection with artistic taste and judgment and they show generous desire to interest the public and visitors, thus dispensing pleasure and instruction, for they have opened wide the doors for free admission to all.

Eastham now has a fine brick building for a town hall, the recent gift of Mr. Timothy Smith, a former resident. It is a credit to his generosity and is appreciated by the people. The sons of Cape Cod do not forget the land of their birth, but freely give of their abundance.

When one is on the Cape, it is a difficult matter to keep out of the water, so we turn again to the ocean as an object of interest. Every year, in the month of September, there appears in Cape Cod Bay a large school of grampus or "black fish," as they are commonly called. They are mammals of the whale species. They come into the bay on their way south for winter quarters (wherever that may be). In following the bay shore they get inside of Billingsgate Point, which is a natural trap. They run ashore on the sand flats of Eastham or Orleans, as the case may be, and are caught fast. This has happened time out of mind, and there is no escape, unless, perchance, some wise old leader, who has been there before and gotten loose, shows them the way.

Only a few years ago there was discovered a bed of quohaugs, seemingly inexhaustible in quantity, located in and surrounding Billingsgate Point. They are raked up in from ten to forty feet of water. There are probably a hundred or more motor boats engaged in this business, with

two men to each boat, and it takes strong, able-bodied men to do the work. Thousands of barrels of these bivalves are annually sent to market and are generally known as "Little Neck Clams."

Directly east, about three miles, is Bishop's Bluff, in Eastham. The little bay from this line includes Wellfleet and its harbor, and Eastham. In 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers, seeking a place to settle, discovered Indians cooking and eating grampus or black fish. A thousand or more of these fish are often stranded at one time, in the manner previously described. This year (1913) four hundred came ashore at Orleans and Eastham. They lay on the sand for ten hours, until the next flood tide, when they were driven away as soon as the water was deep enough for them to swim. Being mammals and air-breathing animals, it is a question how long they could live without water. These black fish, so-called, vary from five to thirty-two feet in length, and are large in girth in proportion. The matured ones are covered on the surface of their bodies with a coat of blubber or fat from two to three inches in thickness, which was formerly taken and tried out for lamp oil, one large fish producing about three barrels. The reason they are now driven away is that, since Mr. Rockefeller has introduced the use of kerosene, the oil they furnish is not



GRAMPUS OR BLACK FISH—"LAMBS OF THE OCEAN."



worth the cost of burying their bodies. Kerosene has no competitor on the Cape except electricity, which cannot be had everywhere, but in time this may come into general use. Kerosene is much better than the fish oil or tallow dips, which were used long ago.

The black fish are docile, and not vicious in nature like a shark, and seem to express a degree of sympathy for each other. When one is hurt the school will follow the injured one. They can be guided with boats like a flock of sheep, not to pastures green, but into waters deep, and we may call them the lambs of the ocean. In the old days this yearly call was hailed with delight and believed to be a special providence. Now, however, they are not wanted, and are politely shown the door for their departure, but still they come, seemingly offering themselves as a living sacrifice when it is not desired.

Dear friend, if this letter is of interest, it is respectfully dedicated to you.

*Bradford Sherman,*











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